BLOOMFIELD, N. J., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1873.

Vol. I. No. 6.

THE BLOOMFIELD RECORD

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BLOOMFIELD RECORD

POSTERS. CARDS

HAND BILLS. CIRCULARS.

BILL HEADS. LETTER HEADS.

PROGRAMMES, Etc., Etc., Etc. EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

CHURCHES

BAPTIST FRANKLIN STREET. REV. DR. STUBBERT, Pastor. Services every Sunday

CHRIST CHURCH (EPISCOPAL) - LIBERTY STREET. REV. MR. DANNER, Rector, Services every Sunday at 10), A. M., and 71, P. M. Sunday School, 21, P. M. Ser-

CHRIST CHURCH CHAPEL, WATSESSING. Services Sunday, 4 P. M. Sunday School 25 P. M.

REV. MR. KNOX, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 101; A. M., and TY P. M. Sunday School from 12 M. till 1 P. M. Prayer meeting Thursday at 7% P. M.

REV. DR. KENNEDY, Pastor. Sunday services at 101 A. M., and 71 P. M. Sunday School after morning service. Prayer meeting Thursday at 7% P. M. Young People's Prayer Meeting Tuesday at S P. M GERMAN PREBSYTERIAN CHURCH. 3

Rev. Mr. Enssein, Pastor. Sunday services at 10 REV. MR. RULISON, Pastor. Sunday services at 10

A. M. and 71 P. M. Sunday School at 21 P. M. Sunday School and Bible Classes at 3 P. M. Sundays Also preaching at 7 P. M.

SOCIETIES.

Meets in Masonic Hall, Railroad Ave, 1st and 3d Tuesday evenings of each month. Jno: F. Folsom, W. M. J. A. Pressler, S. W.; J. Banks Reford, J. W.; Chas. B.

OLIVE BRANCH LODGE, NO. 651, t. O. O. E. Meets every Wednesday evening over Hargraves Hayes's Hardware store.

BLOOMFIELD DIVISION, NO. 47, S. OF T. Meets on Wednesday evenings in Unangst Hall. ENTERPRISE COUNCIL, NO. 38, O. U. A. M, Meets Friday evenings in Unangst Hall. I. O. OF G. T. NO. 148,

Meets Monday evenings in Unangst Hall.

BLOOMFIELD POST OFFICE.

Office open from 61-2 o'clock A. M., to 9 P. M. Money sent by Money Order without danger of loss to all parts of the United States, at the following rates On Orders not exceeding \$10..... 5 cents. Over \$10, and not exceeding. 20, and not exceeding. 30, and not exceeding.

Mails for New York, Northern, Eastern and Western

8.45 A. M., and 5.45 P. M. The mails connect at Newark with the Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and through Southern, both

Stamped envelopes and news-wrappers are sold to th

The Post Office Department having provided perfect safety for the transmission of small sums of money, by Money Order or Registered Letters, it is hoped that HORACE DODD, P. M.

N. B. & M. H. C. R. R.

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BELLEVILLE AV.			LEAVE NEWARK, M'				
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MONTCLAIR RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

			•		W. C. W. W. W.			
Trains for New York leave				Trains leave				
		A. M.	A. M.		The second		P. M.	
	Watchung.		8.06	3.01	New York,	9.10	4.30	5.
	Montelair,	7,05	8.10	3.05	Jersey City,	9.25	4.45	5.
	Chest. Hill,	17.07		3.09	West End,	9.40	4.58	5.
	Bloomfield,		8.15	3.12	Kearney,	10.00	15.15	16.
	Montgom.		18.18	3.16	Newark.	10.04	5.18	6.
	Newark,	7.17	8.22	3,21	Montgom.,	10,09	15.21	16.
	Kearney.				Bloomfield.			6.
	West End,	7.35	8.45	3.45	Chest. Hill,	10.16	15.26	16.
	Jersey City.	7.48			Montclair,			
	New York,	8.00	9.10	4.10	Watchung.	10.24	5.33	

Belected Doetrn.

BLESSINGS OF TO DAY.

If we knew the woe and heartache Waiting for us down the road, If our lips could taste the wormwood If our backs could feel the load-Would we waste the day in wishing For a time that ne'er can be? Would we wait in such impatience

For our ships to come from sea. If we knew the baby fingers Pressed against the window-paus Would be cold and and stiff temorrow, Never trouble us again-Would the bright eyes of our darling Catch the frown upon our brow?

Would the prints of rosy fingers Vex us then as they do now? Ah, these little, ice-cold fingers, How they point our memories back / To the hasty words and actions Strewn along our dusty track! How these little hands remind us, As in snowy grace they lie,

Not to scatter thorns-but roses-For our reaping by and by. Strange we never prize the music Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown Strange that we should slight the violets Till the lovely flowers are gone ; Strange that summer skies and sanshine

Never seem one half so fair

As when winter's snowy pinions Shake the white down in the air. Lips from which the seal of silence None but God can roll away Never blossomed in such beauty As adorned the mouth to-day And sweet words, that freight our-memory With their beautiful perfume,

Through the portais of the tomb. Let us gather up the sunbeams Lying all along our path ; Let us keep the wheat and roses, Casting out the thorns and chaff Let us find our sweetest comfert In the blessings of to-day, With a patient hand removing All the briers from our way.

Come to us in sweeter accents

ODDS AND ENDS.

In tents excitement—panic in a circus. A boy took a drink of benzine, and and hasn't benzine alive since.

An Indiana editor hires a band to serenade him twice a week, and he responds by a colmn of thanks next day.

The first exclamation of a belle, on enterchurch to get married in!' banks in the country, so as to be able to say

that he keeps a bank account. a persevereing contributor to the office

waste-basket for years past. A milkman is said to have left a can of water by mistake at a customer's house, and the customer never discovered the error!

The newsboys of Philadelphia told the guardians of their " Home " either to "get up nobbier grub or close the caboose." The

An editor, alluding to a fresh batch of lamp explosions in his neighborhood, speaks of kerosene as the "hydra of the household." He has probably heard some chemist say that

it's a hydracarbon. The man who returned his neighbor's borrowed umbrella was seen, a short time ago walking in company with the young lady who passed a looking-glass without taking a peep. It is believed they are engaged.

A new applicant for exchange is a dingy denizen of the wilds of Nebraska, which claims a circulation of 30,000. We were inclined to dispute this statement until we saw the marks of a hand press on the sheet This convinced us that there was no exaggeration. - Danbury News.

Two little girls of infantile years, were lately parttling together, and one of them "We keep four servants, have got six horses and lots of carriages; now, what have you got?" With quite as much pride the other answered : "We've dot a skunk under

An exchange thinks one of the horrors of married life is, waking up in the middle of the night and remembering the front door is tions for our departure, and buying our reunlocked. when that editor has lived in cruits, we shoved off in our boats, midst the connubial felicity some little time longer, he will find such a remembrance as he refers to is not the most terrible trial of trotting in

Dr. Holmes says: "A thought threatened with publicity has a strange way of shrinking toward mediocrity, as a great pumpkin, the wonder of a village, seems to lose one-third of its dimensions between its native field and the table of the agricultural show, where other wondering villages.

A small, wretched-looking house. Outside, a pencil, in a plain but nervous hand, the a miserable apology for a man, crazed by following melancholy epistle: "From T. G. drink, assaulting the door, and making the Thornton. I lost the last solitary dollar I air resound with his curses. Inside, a thin. pale woman, with a wan expression of features, pressing one hand tightly over her Nov. 25, '53. Miserable vice." T. G. Thornheart, and with the other heating a poker in ton was a lawyer, and boarded at this hotel the fire.

The editor of a Newark paper heard, the other day, that a new pass had been found in the Andes. He immediately wrote to a man in South America that the pass was his, and he would be much obliged if the man would forward it at once. He said it had been stolen from him while he was asleep That Newark man goes for every kind of a pass he ever heard of. If he does not try to ride to the cemetery on a free ticket, when he is dead, we have misunderstood his char-

street for the following articles; a bar of soap, a piece of music entitled "Waiting at the Gate, Love," three needles, a feather, bottle of hair oil, New York Weekly, pound of starch, a mended ear ring, half pound of to every forty miles of area. The percentage the other side of the room and busied her- voice was clear and steady, "the wind does have punished you severely." candy, ten cents worth of lime, a clothes line, a basket of shavings, and a paper of ground cinnamon. What the boy brought favor of the United States over all the counhome was a half pound of candy.

[WRITTEN FOR THE BLOOMFIELD BECORD.] Bola Bola!

REMINISCENCES OF THE PACIFIC FROM TH OLD COMMODORE'S LOG BOOK.

"Square the yards," cried Captain Gardiner, of the good ship Cortes, as we got safe out of the harbor of Otaheite, with the intention of going to Bola Bola for yams lifetime." and pigs. Our ship had caught the breeze and we were going at the rare of ten knots an hour through the water. Thousands of and his family were staying at the D. settleporpoises were dashing playfully across our bows, and the different Isles around us scene was so grand and beautiful. We sail-It's soil produces abundantly, and as there vantage. vice as those of the other Islands. As soon and two young sons, and there was a young boats and went on shore. The King, a no- saw Cordelia Bardwell I thought a great us to his house, which was built in good the uncivilized place." left for a ramble over the Island. I found like a fine day, does it not?" the natives kind and hospitable and every one seemed happy, everything was free and pressed upon you and they were hurt if you did not accept; groves of cocoanuts and banannas, with the grateful orange and pineapple were seen in great profusion, while here and there silver streams forcing their now, Rolfe, and I must have the lumber way from some bubbling spring would greet the eye, and that flower of happy homethe Morning Glory-would show its cheer- lot to go down next season, and we shall ful face, which made my heart feel glad. Oh, the sailor's life is a rough one, but when here from the forks. But Rolfe, I know it he sees what reminds him of home, he loves will be a good speculation. By erecting a to linger over the spot, and the tears that seldom fall will gush forth when the images sections of my land, I can advertise and sell of his beloved land present themselves. first rates.' Wondering thus along for several hours over this beautiful Island, I was interrupted ing the cathedral at Milan, was: "Oh, what a by one of the King's men calling me, who ments you please about the timber." informed me that the King was preparing There is a man who keeps a list of all the a feast for us, and that my presence was required. I instantly started for the palace, where I found all my messmates assembled An Ohio editor speaks of one who has been | before me, and I took my seat at the table of royalty. The King, Queen, and the young Princess set at the head of the table to do the honors. There was a good show of china and silver, and several dishes of meat, vams and taro, and I made a hearty meal I

assure you, for there was some pleasure in Delia?" shoving your plate to a live King and asking him for a piece of pig or making him pour you out a glass of water. So wags the world. Who ever thought I would ever of native troops, of whom he is very proud, and he gave orders for them to appear before us. They put on their uniform, consisting of a cocked hat and white and blue cotton trowsers, who paraded themselves before us for about an hour and they did well, going through their maneuvres in a masterly style, for the King, when a young man, had been to England and had learned something of tactics, but it will be some time before they could have courage enough to support their knowledge of firearms. He had also several cannon mounted around his house and in a small fort close by. The King is a mild and humane ruler, and desires to do well with his subjects, and with the aid of the missionaries in a few years no doubt, will bring about many changes to benefit his faithful subjects. But time was

and the good wishes of the King and people of happy Bola Bola, We were soon on board and with top royals flying, we left the land behind, bound for the Gallipagos. The Biddeford (Me.) Journal says that while selling the furniture of the Biddeford House, a few days since, there was found among the rubbish in the attic an old Bible, A sad tableau, but not an uncommon one. upon the fly-leaf of which was inscribed with had on earth at the gaming table this night,

at the time mentioned. He was originally

possessed of a handsome fortune by inherit-

ance, and lost it in the sad manner depicted.

He is now deceased. every forty-three miles of its area, Great Britain a mile to every eight miles of area, Bel- for her sex. I gave genius, persistency and delia closer to me. gium a mile to every nine miles of area, the strength of character to mine. To vex her Netherlands a mile to every fifteen miles of still further, I averred my opinion that plied. But I felt a strong shudder shake area, Switzerland a mile to every eighteen women were a man of sentimentality, im- her from head to foot A Danbury woman sent her boy down miles of area, France a mile to every nineteen promptu shrieks and vacillation. miles of area, Italy a mile to every twentyaccording to population is very largely in self with some old ladies. tries of Europe.

CAUGHT IN A PRAIRIE STORM.

shiver. When covered with snow they are trackless as is the ocean to an unskilled navigator. I would as soon cross the Sahara without a guide as to try to get over the snow plains of the West and Northwest. The real fright I once had in one of these tracts, sir, was bad enough to last me for a

"Tell us about it, Captain." "Well, I don't mind. My Uncle Dan ment, for he had taken the Western fever. and they were out there. Uncle Dan was seemed like the Elysiums of the poet, the always a speculator-though he did manage to line his pockets well. He purchased ed onward for about for about twenty-four vast tract of land at D. with an eye, it must hours when we dropped anchor in the beau- have been, to such promises as were held tiful island. Bola Bola. Although not so out to Abraham of old; for acres and acres picturesque as Otaheite, it is considered one of this land he could never utilize, though of the finest islands in the Society group. later he might sell it again to personal ad-

are but few white settlers allowed to locate "I was out helping him. The family con- it be where it may." there, the natives are not so addicted to sisted of his wife, two grown-up daughters, as all was in order on board, we lowered our niece, Cordelia. From the first minute I ble looking fellow, received us and invited deal of her. Perhaps that's why I staid in

style and looked quite comfortable. After "Rolfe," said Uncle Dan, one morning paying my respects to the royal family I in the latter part of the winter, "it looks

> "Clear and bright, I believe." "Aye, likely to last. What say you to taking Brown Bess and go to Bingley's Mills

> "I will go with pleasure, Uncle Dan." "The weather may break up any week ready to come down the river as far as the forks with the freshet. There's a master have a vast deal of teaming to bring it over number of [cheap substantial] buildings on

"Well, sir, I am ready to go over to Binglev's Mills for you and make what arrange-"So, Hecter, boy go out and get the mare

"Uncle Dan, may I go to Bingley's Mills too?" cried a pleading pretty voice, as Hecter leaped off on his errand.

"I could hardly believe my ears. The voice was Cordelia's.

"Do you know the length of the journey,

"Yes, it is a lovely day, mother, so clear and calm." cried one of the other girlsdine with royalty? The King has a number Myr's-I think-with quite an eager tone, and poor Delia never goes anywhere."

> That was true; but still I felt astonished. Later I knew it was a kind of a conspiracy. The girls wanted to get some trustworthy person to the postoffice at Bingley's Mills to Cordelia glanced up from her scarlet hood post letters and get some that were lying she did not seem to think about it one way there not intended for papa or mamma to

"I really don't know why Delia should not go." said the unsuspicious, good natured nucle. "You will be sure to take care of her, Rolfe?"

"I will try to, sir. up the rains, and Brown Bess was tossing Cordelia gave me a half startled glance. her head until the bells jingled merrily. "It's royal travelling," called out Uncle

Dan, as we started. "Don't be out late, flying, so we commenced making preparaweather lately, and,——" "The rest was lost in the crunching of

> cup-shaped bells." delia," I began, as the sleigh went smoothly not before the wind had increased, and the cle Dan. "Anderson came in and said the

along. "Susan and Almira voted me their minister plenipotentiary," she responded coldly.

ed girls who never strike their colors.

The United States has a mile of railroad at claimed the sweet attributes of patience, home. purity and consistency; claimed them entire-

I had gone too far. She took it earnestly. although I had a tight rein. nine miles of area, Denmark a mile to every With a flash of scorn from her brilliant eyes "Rolfe," she began, and I thought I thirty-four miles of area, and Austria a mile and a heightened color, she arose, went to again felt her frame tremble, although ber

retained her anger. More burt at it than I lost the road?"

had accidentally caught hold of her hand, She shuddered again, but said nothing.

ful fling to mine.

clear, the sky was blue; all things were companion to hold the blanket in place. to get the letters. We had gone miles be over Cordelia's head. a youd the last settler's cabin that we should see until we came into the vicinity of Bing- terror and agony I drew her closer in a covley's Mills, when she apparently thought etous clasp. better of her behavior, and spoke of her own accord cheerfully :

the people to attachithemselves to home, let to even strokes. She had broken from a

"Two years ago I could not have believed that I should follow my aunt's family for the safety of my companion more than west and be content to live on the uttermost | my own. bounds of civilization, I am sure I wonder that you stay, Mr. Rolfe."

"Do you? How well Brown Bess goes ments fled; the storm suddenly abated; to-day !"

in Uncle Dan's stables.'

We arrived at Bingley's Mills the largest settlement thereabouts, and the post towna little after noon. Brown Bess had indeed tossed her heels well.

rest. I went about my business, leaving Cor- versal whiteness there were no landmarks, delia so do hers at the post-house, and to and, alas! alas! every yelp was now disremain at the inn in the middle of the vil- tinetly audible. The dreadful animal must

Meanwhile the cloudless, ice-clear sky had ly ; she knew the road. become covered over with gray thickness, that suggested the idea of another snow storm, and ought to have warned me to get done quicker. But it didn't. When Brown Bess and the sleigh came round to the inn door, the sun, wading for hours through the snow cloud, had sunk in a bank of lead-

"A little risky." said a man, glancing at the cardinal points of the compass, and shaking his head slightly.

Cordelia, her glowing cheeks nearly as bright as her scarlet hood, came forward with an animated manner. As I drew the tion and I had grown somewhat resentful.

cutting, and as we came upon the open prairie it stung our cheeks like needles. Half an hour after starting I said to her, "if the snow only keeps off we will get along nicely.'

"Did you accomplish your mission, Miss Cordelia ? "

"Oh, yes, thank you."

At the very moment a particle of icy snow fell on my glove. I would not believe but that the mare had flung the particle from So, in less than half an hour from the her flying heels. But in a minute more a time it was first mentioned, I was gathering handful of fine particles sifted over us both.

I spoke cheerfully to the mare and tucked the blanket in around my companion. A feel. half hour longer found the northeast wind Rolfe, for there has been a severe snap of steadily and perceptibly rising, while the flakes were tinkling on the icy surface around our way. Quite soon there were crowing of roosters, the squealing of pigs the snow, and the 'ping, ping, ping,' of the small whirlwinds driving the dry powdery stuff, and then spinning it up in a little col-"This is an unexpected honor, Miss Cor- umn. Darkness came down rapidly, but atmosphere was white with the tiny flakes late unusually cold weather had made the and drifted by us in loose, bungling folds.

"I and Cordelia who was no blood rela- ed the fur scarf around her neck and sat sunset. We knew they might overtake you tion of mine-had had a falling out of recent perfectly still. At that moment I would if you delayed your return till after dark date, which made it all the more surprising have given a fortune if the girl had been and so we slew the stag and drove out with that she should have cared to go with me safe at my uncle's and I breasting the storm him as far as we deemed advisable, hoping that day. She was one of those high spirit- alone. We came to a belt of woodland just that they might find and fight over it while ten miles of our journey through ; nearly von were dashing past. We grew wild with It happened one evening about a week twenty more before us. On and on we fright as time passed on, Rolfe, and arming before, my aunt had a party-for there were went. I did not speak to the mare nor ourselves with torches rushed to meet you. settlers enough to give us social evenings, whip her; there was no need. She was and about a dozen people were present. trotting like a racehorse, her tail streaming You may fancy, perhaps, that we have no over the dash board of the cutter.

intelligent spirits on the prairies; but that is | Another hour passed. The light snow was mounting over the runners, and driving Cordelia and I disputed about the relative obliquely across our laps in blinding, smothcharacteristics of men and women. She ering thickness : still we were nearing our

"Are you cold?" I asked, drawing Cor- pardon, later, for vexing her in opposing

"Nothing to speak of," she cheerfully re-

Presently the sleigh pitched considerably.

would confess, I would gladly have begged "You have indeed spoken my thoughts, her pardon, but her manner repulsed all Cordelia," said I, while a damp icy cold "Prairies! The very name can make me overtures of reconciliation. Once, when I ness broke out from every pore in my skin.

> she twisted her own away and gave a scorn- I knotted the reins and threw them over the dash board. This was why the mare Now you know just what our social atmos- had held so hardly-she knew better than phere was, when fate, that winter morning, I. I must trust to her instinct. In twenty decided that we should start on that long minutes she had swung round so as to bring the wind on the old quarter with us. It was The bells danced merrily, the air was blowing heavy. I put my arm around my

> pleasant exept Delia. Say what I would she | Just then a faint sound reached my startwas ungracious and hardly answered me. I ling ear. A swift shudder shook me, and I suppose she wanted me to understand that came near crying aloud. Another melanshe had not come with me for pleasure, but choly cry! I would have drawn the blanket

"I hear it !" she whispered. And in my

The sound came again! The mare heard it also, I knew, for she gave a sudden leap, "How natural it is for the greater part of and the jingling of the bells were changed hard trot to a gallop. My thoughts flew to the uttermost bounds of the earth in a moment, and from earth to heaven. I prayed

The short cry and long wail. Wolves were calling each other to banquet! The mo-. the deadly sound grew each moment more "She always does. There's not her equal distinct. The wind swept by us and died away at the right; no snow was falling; but nearer came these terrible sounds. Every moment we were in danger of striking obstacles, and being hurled out.

We were actually flying over the ground ; Appointing three hours for the mare to home could not be far away, but in the uni soon leap upon us. I looked from side to Chatting with this and that one, and get- side, expecting a gaunt form to spring ting through Uncle Dan's commission, the against the sleigh. Brown Bess, true to short winter day flew away like magic, herself and to us, bore on steadily and fleet-

> I tried to draw Cordelia down to the bottom of the sleigh, but she resisted. "Don't Rolfe: I would rather meet death with my eyes wide open," she said, pushing away the furs from her face.

The darkness was as intense as it can be in winter, and Heaven have mercy! are en hue, and could not be more than an hour they surrounding us? Hear the yelps ahead, the hungry cries; the air seemed rent with demoniac yells, snarls and shriek-

Remembering the short-handled are in the bottom of the sleigh, I throw off u gloves and seized it with a grip of despe-

buffaloes around her, I thought how a week With my foot braced on the iron of the or two ago, I should have esteemed the priv- sleigh outside, I half kneeled, axe in hand, "It's a lovely day, aunt. It wont hurt ilege of this close companionship invalua- expecting one of the dusky flends to leap ble. But I did not seem to appreciate it each instant upon us. The mare waivered now. She had treated me too cavaliery, for a moment, as the sound grew fiercer, and then with a shrill neigh leaped on again. We dashed away. The air was damp and Somehow the wolves did not come nearerand Brown Bess flew as though she knew our lives were in her power. The awful sounds grew less distinct, and with a reverent "God be praised," I strove to be calm.

"Cordelia, look! Cordelia, we are saved!" I shouted, breaking into something between a laugh and a cry. "Oh! Cordelia, look!" The foaming mare was dashing through a line of torches, and the settlers sent up a joyous shout and the yelping dogs dashed about with a chorus of delight.

Brown Bess, good lady, would not pause she thought the wolves were after her still, and dashed on, reeking with foam, to her own stable. My weeping aunt and excited consins bore Cordelia in while I felt more thankful to God than I ever had cause to

"But that terrible fighting of wolves close upon us-what did it mean?" I asked later, when, before the blazing fire, I in vain essayed to steady my shaking nerves. "And why did they not come on to the attack? Was it a miracle?"

"It was one of my stags," exclaimed Uncowardly creatures ravenous, and he and I Cordelia did not speak; she only tighten- heard them signaling the pack soon after "His plan had succeeded in saving us-

> good Uncle Dan! But I don't like the word prairie at all." "What became of Cordelia, Captain ?" "Cordelia?" Ah! I thought I told you

my aunt and cousins bore her into the house in their arms." "No evasion. Did you humbly ask her

her pet theories?" "I did that, sir. I begged her pardon on my knees. I told her that she had proved in herself, by her own bravery, every good thing she had said of her sex."

"Did she forget you ?"

"Not exactly." "She was right, Captain. She should not strike us just as it did, neither did we . "She did. Oh! she did! She married The storm had not blown over. Cordelia pitch this morning as we do now. Have we me ! Ow-w! Ow-w! Cordelia, leave me my



